

THE
CATHEDRAL READERS
BOOK THREE

BY

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A REVISION OF THE ELSON READERS, BOOK THREE

BY

WILLIAM H. ELSON

Author *Good English Series*



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I've offered Jesus everything
I think and do and say;
So I must do my very best
At prayer, at work, at play.

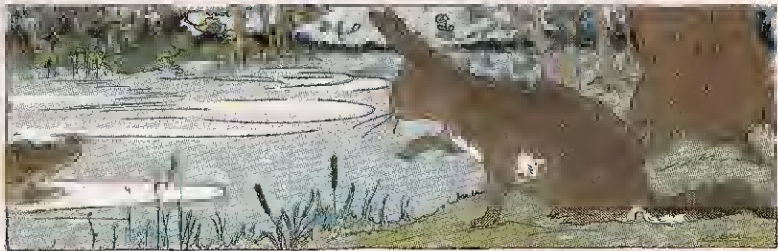
—*Clementia.*











A DAILY HYMN TO MARY

Mary! dearest Mother!
From Thy heavenly height
Look on us, Thy children,
Lost in earth's dark night.

Mary! purest creature!
Keep us all from sin;
Help us erring children
Peace in heaven to win.

Daughter of the Father!
Lady kind and sweet!
Lead us to our Father;
Leave us at His Feet.

Jesus! hear Thy children
From Thy throne above;
Give us love of Mary
As Thou wouldst have us love.

—*Father Faber.*



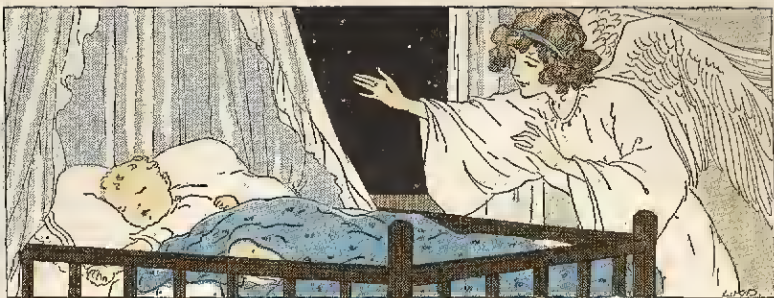


FRANCES KERR COOK







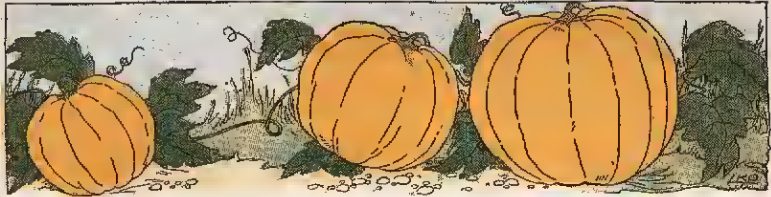


HOLY INNOCENTS

Sleep, little baby, sleep;
The holy Angels love thee,
And guard thy bed, and keep
A blessed watch above thee.
No spirit can come near
Nor evil thoughts to harm thee;
Sleep, Sweet, devoid of fear
Where nothing need alarm thee.

The Love which doth not sleep,
The eternal Arms. surround thee;
The Shepherd of the sheep
In perfect love hath found thee.
Sleep through the holy night,
Christ-kept from snare and sorrow,
Until thou wake to light
And love and warmth tomorrow.

—Christina G. Rossetti.







Lord, I'm just a little boy,
Hidden in the night;
Let Your angels spy me out
Long before it's light.
I would be the first to wake,
And the first to raise,
In this quiet house of ours,
Songs of love and praise.
You shall hear me first, dear Lord,
Blow my Christmas horn;
Let Your angels waken me
On Your birthday morn.

—T. A. Daly.



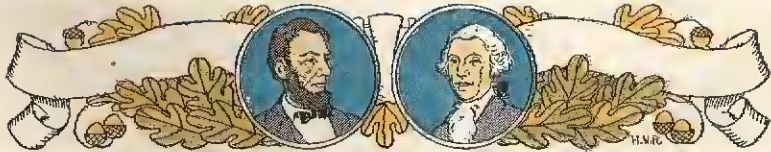




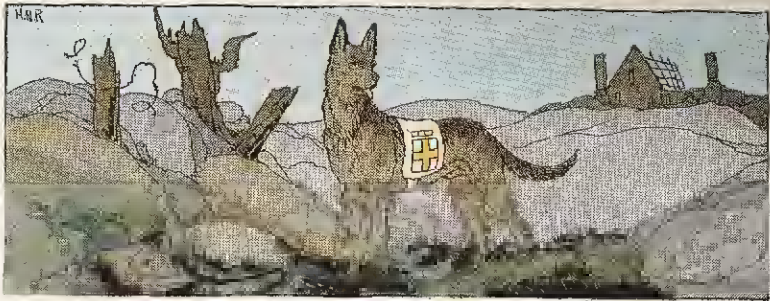








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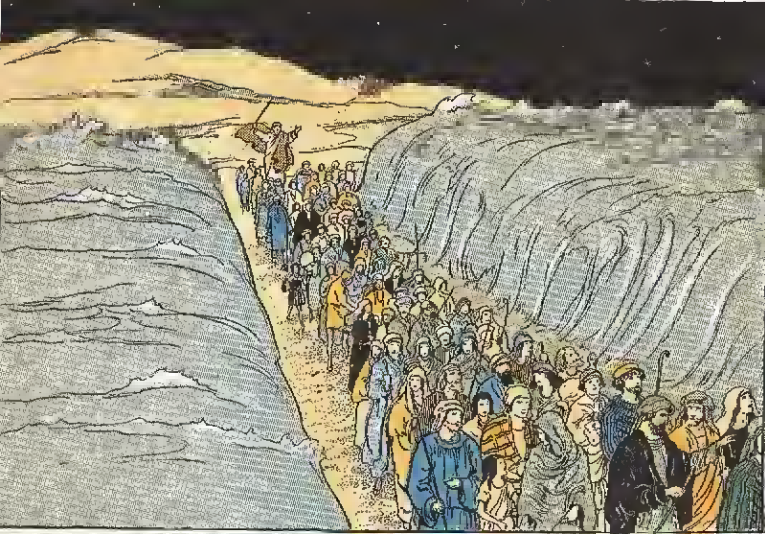
















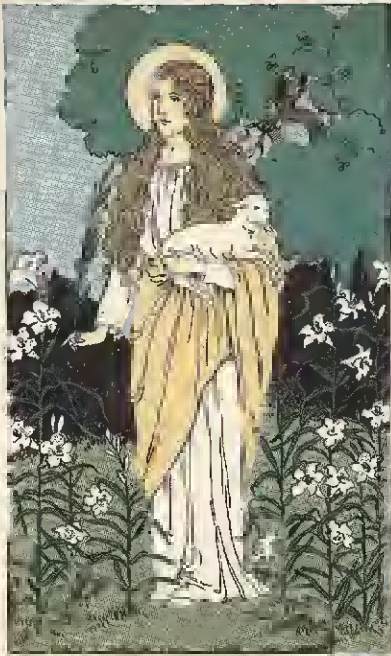
THE RAINBOW

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

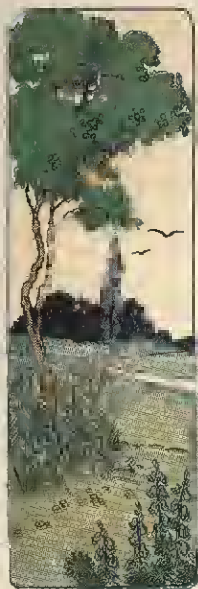
—Christina G. Rossetti.





ST. AGNES





OUR LADY OF THE LUPINS

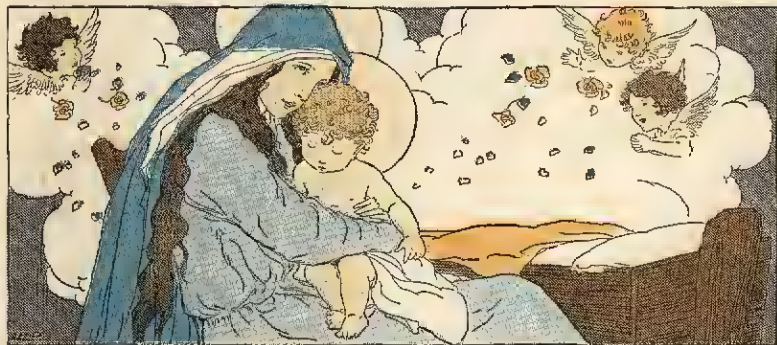
Our Lady loves the lily fair
Who stands so tall and white
With head bowed down in constant prayer
To Christ, the King of light.

The daisies in the meadow grass
Right dear she holds them all,
And smiles if she would hap' to pass
The roses on the wall.

SWEET MOTHER OF JESUS

Sweet Mother of Jesus,
And my Mother, too,
Teach me and help me
To love Him and You.

—*Clementia.*



VACATION TIME

Good-bye, little desk at school, good-bye,
We're off to the fields and the open sky.
The bells of the brooks and the woodland bells
Are ringing us out to the vales and dells,
To meadow-ways fair, and to hill-tops cool,
Good-bye, little desk at school.

Good-bye, little desk at school, good-bye,
We've other brave lessons and tasks to try;
But we shall come back in the fall, you know,
And as gay to come as we are to go,
With ever a laugh and never a sigh—
Good-bye, little desk, good-bye!

—*Frank Hutt.*



